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going general survey it will be seen that Yale College now affords the means of a connected study of art, and can illustrate, by examples of great historic epochs, some of the most representative and immortal works of our humanity in its long and painful labor.

CHICAGO STATUARY.

LETTER FROM P. GREEN TO JOHN RUSKIN.

CHICAGO, Sept. 14, 1870.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND:—Glad to hear from you once more, but sorry to learn of Mrs. Ruskin's indisposition and of young Ruskin's frowardness in smashing your ancient and valued Roman head.

With your request to inform you of the progress, if any, of Art (with a large A) in Chicago, I gladly comply, especially as I see from your letter that you cherish grave doubts whether Art (with a large A) has obtained any foothold at all in our wonderful city. Indeed, your repetition of the dull old saw that Art cannot flourish in a republic is not only less reasonable but less original than the most of your sayings.

Briefly, then, let me inform you, Rus., that Art, as she stands in Chicago at present, is Immense. (Indulge me, as an act of international reciprocity, in a large I. As a devotee of Beauty—with a big B—you should prefer a large I to a small one. Bah! Excuse my pleasantry, and consider the foregoing crossed out.)

To be serious, then, John, Art in Chicago is Immense. She has not only "obtained a foothold," but you'd think she went in all over, as some of the earliest settlers did, and have never been heard of since.



LO IN ALL HIS GLORY.

Stung somewhat by your slur at the relations between Democracy and Art, I shall, to prove its utter ridiculousness (you have read our Senate reports, I trust, and encountered this word)—to prove this thing that I speak of, I shall ignore, in this note, all the many manifestations of art to be encountered (for 25 cents) in our public galleries, as also scattered so largely up and down our avenues in the residences of the wealthy, and shall confine myself entirely to those manifestations which prove the beautiful connection between Democracy and Art (with a big A, of course.)

If you could but be once set down

Chicago, my dear Ruskin, as so many of your countrymen have been this summer, you would see at once, all about you, sights that would open your eyes. (Beg pardon; you would have to open your eyes before you saw the sights. But you are of Irish birth, I believe, and won't mind the bull.)

You would see around you, as often as every street-corner, and in some sections a great deal oftener, carved statues, representing, for the edification of the public, every conceivable variety (and some almost inconceivable varieties) of the human species, from the President of our great Republic down to the rudest red man, or the most uncanny Scotchman in plaid and kilt.

Let me describe a very few of them for your guidance, in case you should be seized with a desire to investigate this matter, and should arrive in Chicago when I am not here to be your *cicerone*.

Our street statuary constitutes, as I have hinted, almost a universal museum of anthropology. The race which our artists have illustrated most freely is, unquestionably, the aboriginal American—the noble red man of the forest, whom your fellow-Briton, poor Kirk White, has christened Lo, in his well-known verses beginning:

"Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind," etc.

There seems a poetic justice in our sculptors carving Lo so much, for that is just what Lo did for our ancestors—his carving weapons being the knife and tomahawk—ours the chisel and the draw-knife.

Indian statuary is so plenty in Chicago that I cannot properly particularize upon it here, except to mention that we suit all sorts of prejudices as to color by making our Indian of every hue between ebon black and pearl white. I may mention also that the most perfect representation of the noble red man is to be seen on Clark street, north of Randolph. He stands *rampant* in all his native fierceness and majesty—his hatchet raised to strike, his crown feathers bristling aloft, and his calves bedecked with outstanding fringe, after the manner of one of Cooper's patent Indians. It is said, indeed, that Edwin Forrest, the great personator of *Fibbeniuosay*, stood for this work.

Those who dote on black Indians will be suited at a place on Randolph street, near Clark, (a real antique, I think) and again near Madison street bridge. They who, true to preconceptions of childhood, prefer their Indians blood-red, will be delighted with a specimen on North Clark street. Of this, however, the *pose* is a little faulty, being weak and undecided, and it is to be regretted that the idiosyncrasy of the artist should have led him to paint the eyes of his subject milk white, with the merest dot of black in the centre. It is clear that that artist (whose name I do not find in the catalogue) had not an eye for an eye.

Of Indians I could say much more, dear Ruskin, for I am full of the Noble Red Man. There is a personification of venerable piety, in a grand old Pottawattamie on Nord-clark-strasse, before which I have lingered for hours. In the vision of life before me (over-

looking a slight excess of cream color in the face and breast) I could imagine I saw good old King Phillip himself, or the Last of the Mohicans, or the dear old Wept-of-the-Wiptonwish, or Washt-up-the-Weeptown-mush, or whatever his right name was—it haunts my memory but vaguely—particularly the Christian name.

Well, poor old Pottowatomie—let him pass, as also the many female beauties which abound in all quarters of the city—the pretty Pocahontases, the Greek Slaves done into Choctaw, and the Pawnee Venuses who, true to their pedestals as Casabianca to his deck, stand guard over the æsthetic education of the public from day to day, from season to season, from year to year. These pieces of statuary represent the aboriginal female to be a remarkably well-developed person, with full busts, stout limbs, stern, immobile features, and a graceful scantiness of drapery.



PATRIOTIC MONUMENT.

They must be condemned, however, for a little loudness of tone in the ornamentation bestowed by the artists, in the way of bracelets, crowns and broaches.

(You will have guessed, already, Mr. Ruskin, that these pieces of sculpture are in the Grecian style; and colored to the last point of effect. I take it that you know something about Art, notwithstanding you are a writer on Art subjects.)

Bidding a tearful adieu to the dusky maidens of the forest (I should have mentioned that some of them, like other famous antiques, are lacking an arm or a nose, but one can always form a clear idea of the sculptor's conceit, notwithstanding we must condemn the use of pine, instead of the more tenacious basswood, or, still better, hickory, for the manufacture of such statues.)—

Bidding a tearful adieu to these interesting creatures, with their simple bouquets of tobacco leaves, innocently proffered to the beholder, we will wander among other monuments of art.

What are these fine columns—sometimes obelisks—that shoot up toward heaven (a little way,) terminating in an acorn, or an ornamental cap? Evidently some patriotic device, for they are ornamented with the national colors, red, white and blue. And if, dear Ruskin, you pursue your investigations further, and enter, for that purpose, the shop before which these columns are reserved, you will find that the occupants are black—another national color,—since 1865. Thus do we make our Art stimulate our patriotism!



"HOW D'YE DO, GIN'RAL?"

Here, in a much haunted quarter on State street, is a statue of President Grant, executed with almost pre-Raphaelite fidelity to detail—the conventional cigar in his mouth, the proverbial frown upon his brow, and the familiar regulation hat upon his head. I suppose many a Chicagoan (of British descent) wandering home late at night after a convivial occasion, has shaken hands with this statue, profound in the belief that he was saluting the veritable hero of Appomattox. And, for that matter, so far as anything like social intercourse goes, the statue is just about as good as the original, Mr. Ruskin!

For further representatives of British character we have a fine statue of your sporting exquisite, in "Hedwin of the Hoxfords," by Jones, located on Madison street, near Dearborn. Also, "A British Blonde," by Story. This noble work, now exhibiting on South Halsted street, will do more than any of Mr. Story's previous efforts to establish the fame of that rising young sculptor. But it will play the deuce with the feelings of hundreds of susceptible youths who pass that way, and drink in as they go (I suppose after the manner of the new device for watering locomotives,) the beauties of the artist's creation. The sculptor has not seen fit to portray the blonde in her belligerent mood, cowhide in hand, but has taken her in moment of tranquil repose. Her other tribute—that of nudity—has been found well suited to the artist's needs, and has been improved. You may see, in this work, slight reminiscences, perhaps of Titian's canvas Venus, and of the sculptured goddess of Medici, but still not enough to justify any accusation of plagiarism. The fascinating

power of the blonde is beyond question. I have seen dozens of men, young and old, sprawl upon the rough plank sidewalk while staring back over their shoulders at the beauties of the figure.

We have also several good Punches, a great favorite in Britain, where, imitating the ancient Roman custom of evening devotion to Lares and Penates, no one goes to bed without his Punch—"the noblest rum 'un of them all."

I make only two or three more transcriptions from the catalogue:

No. 776, "Gambrinus," by Krautundsenf. This fine statue is of heroic size, and represents the ancient Germanic Bacchus in his traditional attitude—the right hand holding aloft a foaming beaker, and the opposite foot elevated grandly upon a beer keg labeled "Huck's Lager Bier." The handling of the cup is very fine, and one feels not the slightest doubt that the convivial old king will place himself on the outside of its entire contents before he ceases. This being a piece devoted to malt liquor, contains no hint of still life.

No. 3,516, The Same, by the same, located a few doors north of the other on North Clark street,—our Boulevard Allemande. This is the same composition as the other, except that the keg is labeled "Best & Co.'s Beer."

No. 1,865, The Same, by the same sculptor. This is a door or two further north, and is identical with the others, except that the beer keg is not labeled at all, deference being paid to the present diversity of opinion in Chicago as to which of the various malt beverages is best, and which, therefore, Gambinus should patronize.

I could tell you of many more such works of art, but I really must deprive you, this



STORY'S BEAUTIFUL BRITISH BLONDE.

time, for I must enforce upon your mind how, in the distribution of all this rare statuary, everything is done to popularize Art; to bring it within everybody's reach; in short, to ally it to Democracy. All these statues are placed in front of places of most frequent resort; chiefly where the men go to get their cigar or their glass of beer, or to be shaved.

Such is Art in Chicago. Allow me, as a sort of international splurge, to telegraph to you by ocean cable (at your expense) this sentiment:



GAMBRINUS AT HOME.

Chicago and Europe—the two most civilized grand divisions of the globe: While in the latter, beauty is continually struggling with utility, in the former, the two go hand in hand. (Cigars for two, at the sign of the Blue Squaw.)

Yours ever,

P. GREEN.

HANS BALATKA.

BY GEORGE P. UPTON.

I purpose to write a brief biographical sketch of Hans Balatka, as far as his life has been devoted to the study and profession of music, and to write it without preliminary flourish by way of preface. Mr. Balatka is too well known in Chicago to need any heralding of trumpets. And I take unusual pleasure in writing such a sketch, because, having been intimately associated with him, I know what efforts he has made for the cause of true music as against the false, and with what singleness of purpose and honesty of labor he has kept on his way through some good, and more bad, fortune. Three men preceded him in musical labor in Chicago, sowing seeds they were never destined to see ripen—Carl Bergmann, who was driven away by national jealousies; Henry Ahner, who struggled in vain, and died of a broken heart; and Julius Unger, who, after a year's work, left Chicago the very day before poverty would have arrived had he remained. The work they left unfinished Mr. Balatka took up, and he has, thus far, lived long enough to witness a harvest, which, if not remunerative in a financial sense, is at least rich in musical results. It is of this pioneer in music I write you to-day.

Hans Balatka was born March 5, 1826, at Hoffnungsthal, near the fortress of Olmütz, in Moravia. His parents possessed decided musical ability, and they turned his education, at a very early age, in the same direction, giving him instruction upon the piano and violin and in singing. In his twelfth